

THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE CALEDONIAN.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Wednesday, March 2, 1910.

Letter from Germany.

Annie Mason Grover Writes of Her Travels Through Scotland, England and Holland.

The following letter was written by Annie Mason Grover, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Francis Grover formerly of St. Johnsbury Center, to Miss Ella McLaughlin. Those parts relating to her travels are reprinted.

"I will begin with our trip across which was quite uneventful, though the fog hung low and we had to move slowly through the iceberg region and one evening the boat stopped suddenly and the captain saw straight ahead of us a huge iceberg with which we would have collided had we gone much farther. I was fortunate in being able to be on deck all the time except when sleeping and ate every meal, though I must say at first it was rather hard to do. We landed at Glasgow the tenth of July, a ten days passage from Montreal. We stayed three days there to get a little accustomed to the land, for the first day off the boat the streets had a way of rolling or suddenly rising or falling. It was a queer sensation. We took a small lake boat at a little village about an hour's ride by train from Glasgow and went through the beautiful Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine that Scott wrote so much about and coaxed over the Trossachs that were covered with heather. We spent the night at the Trossachs Hotel, nestled close to a tiny lake with the Trossachs towering over us, a beautiful first day to our real sight seeing. Sterling castle was interesting. Edinburgh was a lovely city, so clean, and the royal mile, winding staircases, walls four or six feet thick with double, low doors, so it would be difficult for the enemy to attack. We went into several of these houses and 'closets' or courts—which carried us back very vividly to the early feuds. But Melrose Abbey—You know, perhaps this Abbey is the ruins of what was once the home of monks, and we were fortunate in the time of day we visited it, for just as we entered a company of 40 Americans went out, carrying every sound with them for we were left alone to wander as did the monks in perfect quiet, with only delicately colored doves flitting about to and from their secluded nests, hidden in the moss grown ruin, and the ever changing lights and shadows from the sun and moon. To me it was the most beautiful and smallest of the Abbey ruins and we saw many in Scotland and England. Dryburgh Abbey of course was lovely too, and here Scott was buried and our dear old Scottish driver told tales of Scott and of how when the funeral procession passed over the hills to bear his remains to Dryburgh Abbey for burial, the horse drawing the hearse stopped at the top of one of the highest by the side of the road, as was his way when Scott was alive, for the view from the funeral carriage was so beautiful. As he was telling us our horse stopped of its own accord and the man said, 'It is here where Scott's horse stopped and as this horse is a descendant of Scott's it has inherited the same tendency.' Abbotford was also interesting for here Scott had lived so many years and many of his works were written here. We stopped at Carlisle for the cathedral and then had a coaching trip through the English lake region. We went up hill and down dale on a high coach with four horses. In two days we drove 60 miles over the hills. We drove in all over 100 miles and had a taste of automobilizing, about 30 miles. It is an ideal way to travel, especially in England, for the roads are perfect, just as smooth as the floor and it gives one a glimpse of the beautiful English homes which were so much a part of the high beautiful hedged, or once seen the dear little houses along the way literally covered with climbing roses not; our kind of climbing roses, but huge blossoms, as large sometimes as a pint bowl and the most gorgeous colors. Keswick, where we spent the night, was a beautiful little city. Way out away from the noise of the city on a projection of land extending into a peaceful little lake is a monument of Ruskin, the head only set on a pedestal. It was here that he and his nurse used to come to play when he was a child. Durham, Ripon and Fountains Abbey with three cathedrals and Abbey, deserve more than the mere mentioning of their names, but York comes next and I simply cannot pass that over. 'We were indeed fortunate to be there the week they gave their York pageant. Now to me a pageant has meant a procession of some sort, but it was not so in York, it was more on the order of a tremendous opera, if you can imagine an opera given out of doors, with a historic Abbey for a background, and on the very spot where battles had been fought, and part of the 3000 performers descendants of the noble families who fought in these battles. It took up the history of York and its immediate vicinity from the time 800 B. C., the first scene being savage in dress in the skins of animals living in reed houses, to 1865. We sat there four hours and a half, spell bound, not a moment being wasted in changing scenes, for being out of doors so, and such as the bringing on of a throne etc., was accomplished while others were singing. The last part was a grand march of these 3000 performers, with 50 mounted cavalry, four chariots each drawn by four horses on to the green, while two women representing queens took their places on the throne, one carrying the English flag and the other the green and white striped, while the whole number sang God save the King. It was wonderfully effective! Something which we will always remember.

"Lincoln, Peterborough and Ely came just before Cambridge. Of course Cambridge was interesting with its University. It is pleasant to see these English Universities to compare them with our own. They have a way of converting their buildings into cloisters, which reminds one of the old time Abbeys, with perhaps a covered arch bridge across the wind-

ing river which flows through the University grounds, with more buildings on the other side. While here in Cambridge brother Frederick had a birthday so we had a private dining room in our hotel and gave him a surprise party even to the birthday cake with red, white and blue candles on it. It is these touches of homelike which make the days away from our home a bit more bearable.

"London came next, and I could fill 100 pages I know just what we saw and did the three weeks we were there. The galleries are regular treasure houses and so many of them. We spent one delightful day on the Thames river from Hampton Court back to London. It gave us a glimpse of the English way of enjoying themselves on a warm summer day. Either side of the river was lined with prettily colored, flower bedecked house-boats, with the ladies in dainty gowns serving tea to finely groomed men, for you know the English must always have their tea between four and five. Tucked away under overhanging branches of willow trees were canoes, row-boats, in fact every conceivable sort of boat, and the lady was serving tea to her companions from a fascinating tea basket, while the more energetic were having races.

"The glimpse into the English life was continued when we three were invited to spend a day and a half in an English home, distant relatives of friends of ours in Oberlin. Their home was on the chalk cliffs of the North Sea overlooking the treacherous Goodwin Sands. A beautiful home with only seven maids and men to keep it spick and span. When we went to bed we were in a room with the beautiful linen and lavender scent, but finally succumbed, only to be awakened in the morning by a light tap on our door and a pretty maid bringing to our bed a tiny pot of tea with cups to match on a silver tray. Certainly we enjoyed it with a great deal of pleasure and imagined ourselves in fairyland. But that very day we thought we must be in a flying machine, and so nearing heaven, only at a terrific speed, for these good people took us in their fine great touring car to Canterbury about thirty miles from their home. Here in Canterbury we saw the 'unblest' of Uriah Eap' and the home of Mr. Micawber, where he used to 'sit and wait for something to turn up.' Here too, some of the streets were so narrow that people could shake hands with neighbors across the way from the second story window, for the second story of these old buildings always project over the first. Oxford University was quite as interesting as Cambridge University, but because it rained hard here, it was not pleasant getting about. Stratford-upon-Avon excited our interest, for Shakespeare's birthplace is still there, and he is also buried there. And we did as Shakespeare himself used to do, we 'walked across the field to the home of Ann Hathaway,' who was finally his wife. Such a tiny thatched roof house, with many things inside which Ann herself had made or used. We finished England with a carriage drive from Warwick past Guy's Cliff to Kenilworth castle, the ruins of which are beautiful, for the view from a high tower overlooking the hills to bear his remains to Dryburgh Abbey for burial, the horse drawing the hearse stopped at the top of one of the highest by the side of the road, as was his way when Scott was alive, for the view from the funeral carriage was so beautiful. As he was telling us our horse stopped of its own accord and the man said, 'It is here where Scott's horse stopped and as this horse is a descendant of Scott's it has inherited the same tendency.' Abbotford was also interesting for here Scott had lived so many years and many of his works were written here. We stopped at Carlisle for the cathedral and then had a coaching trip through the English lake region. We went up hill and down dale on a high coach with four horses. In two days we drove 60 miles over the hills. We drove in all over 100 miles and had a taste of automobilizing, about 30 miles. It is an ideal way to travel, especially in England, for the roads are perfect, just as smooth as the floor and it gives one a glimpse of the beautiful English homes which were so much a part of the high beautiful hedged, or once seen the dear little houses along the way literally covered with climbing roses not; our kind of climbing roses, but huge blossoms, as large sometimes as a pint bowl and the most gorgeous colors. Keswick, where we spent the night, was a beautiful little city. Way out away from the noise of the city on a projection of land extending into a peaceful little lake is a monument of Ruskin, the head only set on a pedestal. It was here that he and his nurse used to come to play when he was a child. Durham, Ripon and Fountains Abbey with three cathedrals and Abbey, deserve more than the mere mentioning of their names, but York comes next and I simply cannot pass that over. 'We were indeed fortunate to be there the week they gave their York pageant. Now to me a pageant has meant a procession of some sort, but it was not so in York, it was more on the order of a tremendous opera, if you can imagine an opera given out of doors, with a historic Abbey for a background, and on the very spot where battles had been fought, and part of the 3000 performers descendants of the noble families who fought in these battles. It took up the history of York and its immediate vicinity from the time 800 B. C., the first scene being savage in dress in the skins of animals living in reed houses, to 1865. We sat there four hours and a half, spell bound, not a moment being wasted in changing scenes, for being out of doors so, and such as the bringing on of a throne etc., was accomplished while others were singing. The last part was a grand march of these 3000 performers, with 50 mounted cavalry, four chariots each drawn by four horses on to the green, while two women representing queens took their places on the throne, one carrying the English flag and the other the green and white striped, while the whole number sang God save the King. It was wonderfully effective! Something which we will always remember.

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"The Hague was most interesting and the galleries were fine! From Leiden to Aalsmeer including our stay in Aalsmeer, is worthy a very large red letter in our calendar of good times. First we had nearly a day on the canals, in a boat

which we felt was quite our own, for there were few other passengers. Perhaps you know that the sides of canals are built from two to twelve or fifteen feet high above the surrounding pasture land, which are thickly populated with black and white cattle or the 'aristocracy of the cow world.' These canals are so brimming full of water that one feels they actually must sit perfectly quiet in the boat for fear of causing an extra ripple and so force the water over the top of the dyke. One especially feels this when they are passing the little villages for the houses are cuddled close to the dykes for protection, so that but half of the houses stand above the water line. Now can you imagine us as having reached this little town of Aalsmeer? As it happened it was Kermiss week, or fair week, so that the one hotel was full and there was no way for us to get away from there until twelve o'clock that night, and then only by boat. Of course the Holland language is not English and but a little like German—so it was difficult to make the proprietor understand that we would be willing and glad to stay in a private home. Nearly every one had company or couldn't think of having strangers come into their home. Finally a fine looking Hollander, who could speak English came to our rescue, saying that perhaps he could persuade the town miller and his wife to take us in, and this he did, with considerable tact on his part. Oh my, oh my, how I wish you could have been with us that evening, for it was like a story book. Miss Hall, a young lady who has been traveling with us this summer, was given the parlor for her room. Now this means a room quite different from our parlor. All the rooms are small and this one contained the treasures of the household. There were beautiful black walnut cases filled with china and glass, the walls were covered with Delft plates and knick-knacks. A tea table was set ready for use at a moment's notice, although I doubt if they were often used, while one side of the room was taken up by two doors, one opening into a china cupboard and the other into the bed, or as I named it, the hole in the wall. As we opened the door and pushed back the snow white curtains it certainly looked inviting, but when we opened the windows to let in a bit of fresh air, it nearly took the good Frau's breath away. Bulahie and I were ushered upstairs, or more correctly up the ladder, for the stairs were no more than our good ladders. We too, slept in a hole in the wall, with our room literally full of knick-knacks. The evening we spent with the family in the little sitting room, with a stool carefully placed under the feet by the man himself, who by the way, had bloomer-like trousers, made of a large checked blue and white gingham. The tea, coffee and hot milk pots were ever present and hot, and the contents of the same served to us several times during the evening. The daughter sang and played to us on an organ, while her father gesticulated his admiration of her to us, for you remember we could not understand his Dutch nor he our English, so most of our talk was in pantomime. For instance, in the morning when we wished to go over to the market, he took us by the hand and pointed to the eggs, and immediately they understood, and such fun as we had! The good Frau simply saturated our handkerchiefs with the choicest eau de cologne, and spread our zwieback with powdered annis seed, brought forth from the treasure room. About half past five an invitation came from the head schoolmaster and his wife to make them a call. Here we were served with more coffee and the burgermeister's wife sent in a dish of Hermis cakes, made only once a year. The next morning our English speaking friend took us to his nursery, for it is here in little Aalsmeer that most of the beautifully trained and clipped box wood and yew trees are raised. Such wonderful shapes for trees or small bushes I never dreamed of. There were catkins, dogs, swans, elephants, bears, ducks, etc., all living in a happy family, with soft green tables, chairs, ships, harps, etc., to keep them company.

"We were so loth to leave this 'wonderland' with its streets some-what so narrow that not a carriage could travel in them, simply a narrow dyke, with a still narrow canal on either side and then the most doll like houses set behind the most gorgeous gardens whose flowers are reflected in the narrow canals. These houses are reached by swing bridges, which are pushed aside by the small boats as they are poled along. Dogs are used a great deal for drawing carts. A very pretty sight is to see a small cart drawn by two dogs and engineered by a young boy in his native costume, delivering milk, which he dips from huge, brightly polished brass cans.

"It was somewhat hard for us to go to a city after this deep into such a fairy land, but Amsterdam was delightful with its broad canals crossed by large arching bridges, which were once so large and rich but now are mere dots on the landscape, they have been so robbed of land and people by the hungry sea. It was really pitiful to see them, especially after one had seen the ruins of the fine old cathedral or town hall such a town, and realized what it all stood for.

"We stopped only a few hours in Rotterdam for the cholera had just started there and we did not want to run any such risks. We took a canal boat to Delft, which by the way, is of course the ideal way to travel in Holland, for the thousands of canals. This we did as much as we could with the very cold weather we had all summer.

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the wall. The faces of the women here in Northern Holland are harder than those in the South, this is especially so on the island of Marken. But I do not wonder, for the men are all fishermen and when they go to sea it is so uncertain that they will return alive, and when they do they may have had a poor catch and so do not have many fish to sell, to get the where-with-all with which to feed their families.

"Haarlem, Haarlem with its wealth of Frans Hals pictures! and its treasure house of old Holland! Brass! Vreeland and the canal ride is another letter day and then came Utrecht, Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent and Brussels. Liege and then Cologne with its wonderful cathedral! Here we sat at the next table to Blierot in the hotel, but just missed his flight in his airship. Coblenz, Mainz and Heidelberg, the University of the latter being most interesting and the castle beautiful, overgrown with the then many colored ivy. Cassel gallery was wonderful, with 22 fine Rembrandts, and then came Eisenach, Weimar and Dresden. Of course we had been willing and glad to stay in a private home. Nearly every one had company or couldn't think of having strangers come into their home. Finally a fine looking Hollander, who could speak English came to our rescue, saying that perhaps he could persuade the town miller and his wife to take us in, and this he did, with considerable tact on his part. Oh my, oh my, how I wish you could have been with us that evening, for it was like a story book. Miss Hall, a young lady who has been traveling with us this summer, was given the parlor for her room. Now this means a room quite different from our parlor. All the rooms are small and this one contained the treasures of the household. There were beautiful black walnut cases filled with china and glass, the walls were covered with Delft plates and knick-knacks. A tea table was set ready for use at a moment's notice, although I doubt if they were often used, while one side of the room was taken up by two doors, one opening into a china cupboard and the other into the bed, or as I named it, the hole in the wall. As we opened the door and pushed back the snow white curtains it certainly looked inviting, but when we opened the windows to let in a bit of fresh air, it nearly took the good Frau's breath away. Bulahie and I were ushered upstairs, or more correctly up the ladder, for the stairs were no more than our good ladders. We too, slept in a hole in the wall, with our room literally full of knick-knacks. The evening we spent with the family in the little sitting room, with a stool carefully placed under the feet by the man himself, who by the way, had bloomer-like trousers, made of a large checked blue and white gingham. The tea, coffee and hot milk pots were ever present and hot, and the contents of the same served to us several times during the evening. The daughter sang and played to us on an organ, while her father gesticulated his admiration of her to us, for you remember we could not understand his Dutch nor he our English, so most of our talk was in pantomime. For instance, in the morning when we wished to go over to the market, he took us by the hand and pointed to the eggs, and immediately they understood, and such fun as we had! The good Frau simply saturated our handkerchiefs with the choicest eau de cologne, and spread our zwieback with powdered annis seed, brought forth from the treasure room. About half past five an invitation came from the head schoolmaster and his wife to make them a call. Here we were served with more coffee and the burgermeister's wife sent in a dish of Hermis cakes, made only once a year. The next morning our English speaking friend took us to his nursery, for it is here in little Aalsmeer that most of the beautifully trained and clipped box wood and yew trees are raised. Such wonderful shapes for trees or small bushes I never dreamed of. There were catkins, dogs, swans, elephants, bears, ducks, etc., all living in a happy family, with soft green tables, chairs, ships, harps, etc., to keep them company.

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VERMONT NEWS.

Joseph Wood of Weston Claims to Be 110 Years Old.

Joseph Wood of Weston, Windham county, is undoubtedly the oldest person in the state, for Thursday he celebrated his 110th anniversary. According to the best information obtainable, he was born in Canada, near the city of Montreal, February 24, 1800. Industry and frugality have been traits which have distinguished him throughout his life, and as a result he has always been able to enjoy a pleasant and comfortable little home. As a young man he was a laborer and wood chopper. In his ancestry he takes the greatest of pride. His parents were of the true Parisian French. They came from France to Canada about three months before he was born. His grandfather lived to be 112 years old. Until he was 50 years of age Mr. Wood lived in Canada among his relatives and friends. He then came to Vermont, and has since made his home in the town of Weston. He has been twice married. By his first wife he was the father of four children, and by his second marriage one child has been born. His later marriage took place sixty-two years ago and to-day Mr. and Mrs. Wood are both strong and well. Mrs. Wood is 79 years old and was born February 5, 1831. About 10 years ago Mr. Wood's eyesight began to fail and he is now totally blind.

Not a School in Town.

Mason S. Stone, State superintendent of education, left Friday morning for Indianapolis, Ind., where he goes to attend this week the national meeting of State superintendents to be held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. Stone is planning to return to Vermont in time to attend next Saturday and Sunday the State Laymen's convention at Burlington. During the past few days returns have been coming rapidly into Mr. Stone's office from the State House. The number of children of school age in the several towns in the State. One received Friday morning from Somerset was a curiosity even among those from the sparsely settled towns of the State. Somerset reported not a single person in town between the ages of 5 and 18, and inasmuch as there are no children of school age in that town no schools are supported therein.

State Y. M. C. A. Convention.

The annual convention of the Vermont Young Men's Christian Association will be held at Montpelier on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 15-17. Boys' work and county work will be leading topics for discussion, and among the speakers likely to appear are A. E. Roberts, international county work secretary, E. M. Robinson, international boys' work secretary, David R. Porter, international secretary for High Schools, Herbert Carleton, general secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Alban, and J. N. Bares, superintendent of the state industrial school at Vergennes. A three days programme is being arranged. A banquet will be served on Friday evening of the first day.

Suicide at Island Pond.

George Spaulding, of Island Pond, over 70 years old, killed himself Friday morning at the residence of Alonzo Danforth. He retired in his usual spirits at night and was called at seven o'clock Friday morning, when he answered that he wanted no breakfast and would rise later. At one o'clock in the afternoon the room was entered and the aged man was found to be dead. It was then supposed that his end had been brought about by natural causes but while the body was being prepared for burial a revolver was found in the bed and it was then discovered that he shot himself through the heart. Mr. Spaulding was a sober industrious man but late had been discouraged owing to ill health.

Vermont Butter Tub Company.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the Secretary of State by the Vermont Butter Tub company for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of butter tubs and other wooden ware, lumber, etc., at Barton and other places in the state of Vermont. The capital stock is given at \$40,000, divided into shares of \$100 each, and the incorporators are E. W. Chandler of Oak Park, Ill., C. E. Nelson of Derby Line, Charles Taylor Hall of Montgomery Center, John Young of Newport and George B. Young of Newport.

New Masonic Temple.

Col. Olin Scott of Bennington has made a gift of \$20,000 for the erection of a masonic temple there. Mrs. John H. Norton has donated the site for the same on North Main street in the center of the village. Mr. Scott is a life long resident of Bennington and president of the Bennington Battle Monument Association. In recent years he has made several donations of a similar character and has under way the erection at Bennington Center a monument to Col. Seth Warner the Revolutionary hero.

Thought to Have Valuable Gold Mine.

Joseph Ducharne of Westfield is said to have recently received a letter from a Boston firm offering him \$2,000 for gold mining privilege in his part of the state. The firm sent a prospector last fall to hunt for more asbestos ledges in the vicinity of Westfield and Lowell, and found what appeared to be gold bearing ore, which upon analysis proved to be that. Mr. Ducharne has not decided to sell his rights at once.

A petition has been filed in the federal court to have the Rae Electrical Equipment company of Springfield adjudged an involuntary bankrupt on the ground of its admitted inability to pay its indebtedness. The petition sets forth that the company is indebted to Harry A. Bingham of Springfield to the extent of \$12,000 for cash advanced; to A. J. Crosby of the same town, \$1,000, in an account stated; and to Miss Margaret Gray, \$71.74, for services as stenographer. The next Franklin county fair will be held August 30, 31, September 1 and 2. The horse show will be held June 15 and 16, when a purse of \$250 will be hung up. Racing purses amounting to \$1400 will be given during the fair.

Grange Notes.

Public Session of C. F. Smith Pomona Grange.

A regular meeting of C. F. Smith, Pomona Grange was held at Perley's hall, Enosburg Falls, Saturday, Feb. 26. In the afternoon Prof. J. L. Hills, director of the Vermont agricultural experiment station, delivered an address on "Why the Farmer Should Become Better Instructed in regard to Scientific Fertilization," after which the following subjects were presented: "Profitable Economics of Labor in the Household," by Mrs. J. K. Montague; and "How I Expect to Make the Finest Maple Sugar and Syrup Produced in Franklin County," by the lecturer.

Value of Cow Testing.

At the sessions of The Farmer's Week held at the Vermont Experiment station F. W. Wiggins, manager of The Quebec Fells farms gave an address on "Does It Pay to Test One's Cows." An abstract of the address follows:

Reasons. It is the only way to detect the Star Boarder. A cow in Vermont cannot be profitably kept if she produces less than 200 lbs. of butter fat. The dairy cows of the United States average only 142 lbs. per year. How many like this in your herd? It enables a man to get two lbs. of cream where he got one before. To get two cows into the hide of one lightens labor; lessens feed bills; increases profits. It saves valuable time and feed because a man would certainly be a perverse sinner who would care for and feed an unprofitable cow. It elevates dairymen from the humdrum of milking to the rank of a profession, a science, a business conducted on safe, conservative business principles.

It prompts the better care of stock, better feeding methods, better results, hence greater profits. It is the only sure way to cull out the robber and the thief, to imprison the man who steals. It would be a money maker, confiscate and destroy the cow which is permitted to rob her owner 365 days in the year. Testing picks her out. It enables you to discover if your separator is skimming clean. It helps you to keep tabs on the creamery men's tests. It increases the value of every cow, heifer and calf you have for sale. Its greatest advantage may be that it gets men to thinking along right lines.

PROOF FROM OUR HERD.

Cow No.	Butter fat	Butter fat	Gain
3	229	330	101
4	113 (8 mos.)	248	135
6	185	275	90
6	231	287	56
10	270	475	205
11	193	292	100
13	269	290	29
13	213	272	60
29	230	301	71
31	261	345	84
31	203	272	69
35	258	339	81
36	260	319	59
37	270	475	205
40	290	350	60
43	195	256	63
43	229	269	40
84	150 (9 mos.)	278	128
88	177	311	134
Average per cow 1908.....	206		
" 1909.....	265		

Another 35th Anniversary.

At the regular meeting of White Mountain Grange held Monday evening in Littleton, N. H., the 35th anniversary of that organization was celebrated. The program was inspected by Deputy John Eastman of Haverhill. A musical number by the grange choir was followed by an historical address by Deputy A. L. Farr, who reviewed the work of the local grange since its organization. Andrew Ficker, the new State Lecturer, spoke very highly of the North County and gave the highest praise to Littleton and its active grange. State Master Richard Pattee of Plymouth was the next speaker. A pleasing solo by Miss Isabel Richardson was followed by an original poem by Mrs. C. S. Miles, Lecturer of Northern New Hampshire Pomona. After the meeting a fine oyster supper was served.

At the meeting of the Hardwick grange Friday night, the young people gave the program. The following was the order of exercises: Piano solo, Miss Elsie Wheeler; song, Pearl Slayton; reading, Mrs. Carroll Taylor; paper, memoirs of Washington, Mrs. Frank Mason; question—"What is the most economical way for a farmer to use his time during the winter?" Minstrel work by colored members; music, Claire Collier.

Capt. Bogardus Again Hits the Bull's Eye.

This world famous rifle shot who holds the championship record of 100 pigeons in 100 consecutive shots is living in Lincoln, Ill. Recently interviewed, he says: "I have suffered a long time with kidney and bladder trouble and have used several well known kidney medicines, all of which gave me no relief until I started taking Foley's Kidney Pills. Before I used Foley's Kidney Pills I was subjected to severe backache and pains in my kidneys with oppression and oftentimes a cloudy voiding. While upon arising in the morning I would get dull headaches. Now I have taken three bottles of Foley's Kidney Pills and feel 100 per cent better. I am never bothered with my kidneys or bladder and once more feel like my own self. All this I owe solely to Foley's Kidney Pills and always recommend them to my fellow sufferers." C. C. Bingham.

Ricker's Local Market.

The receipts at W. A. Ricker's market for the week ending Feb. 28, 1910, were:

Poultry, 225 lbs. @ 11 to 12 cents.
Lambs, 20 @ 3 to 6 cents.
Hogs, 60 @ 8 to 8 1/2 cents.
Cattle, 50 @ 2 to 5 cents.
Calves, 170 @ 3 to 6 cents.
Milk Cows, 27 @ 50.

An Increase in Pension.

An increase in pension has been allowed John H. Stevenson, of Danville at the rate of \$20 per month from February 5, 1910.

Use American Throat Tablets.

Young Men Wanted.

Government Pays Railway Mail Clerks \$800 to \$1,400 a Year. Free Scholarships etc. Offered.

Uncle Sam holds examinations for railway mail clerk, postoffice clerk or carrier, custom house and departmental clerks. Prepare at once for the coming examinations.

The job is for life; hours are short, salary twice monthly and vacation. To any young man who has energy enough to answer, this is the opportunity of a lifetime.

Thousands of appointments are to be made. Common school education is all you need; city and country people have equal chance. Start to prepare now—free information. Free scholarships for this month. Write immediately to Central Schools. Dept 601, Rochester, N. Y.

Commissioners' Notice.

ESTATE OF ARTHUR W. BROWN. The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the district of Caledonia, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Arthur W. Brown, late of St. Johnsbury, in said district deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that he will receive for the purpose aforesaid, at the office of Jones & Shields, in the town of St. Johnsbury, in said district, on the 17th day of February and 27th day of June, next, from 8 o'clock a. m. until 3 o'clock p. m., on each of said days, and that six months from the 31st day of December, A. D. 1909, is the time limited by said Court to said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at St. Johnsbury, this 24th day of January, A. D. 1910.

R. B. SHIELDS,
JOHN E. COLIER,
Commissioners.

FOR A COLD,

Hoarseness, Sore Throat or Cough, use THE AMERICAN THROAT TABLETS.

IF YOU MAKE

Good Butter

Let the consumer know who made it by having Your Name and Address

Printed

on the paper it is wrapped in.

It will cost you but little and may secure you a chance to deal directly with the consumer, thus

Increasing Your Income

many dollars each year.

We have a large lot of high grade butter paper that we are selling at a low price and will print it for you at a reasonable figure.

Tell us the size of paper you use and let us tell you how much it will cost you to advertise your goods and

Build up a Business

on your own terms.

The Caledonian Office,

89 Eastern Avenue,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A Coated Tongue,

Constipation and Indigestion, means—use The American Liver Pills.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Kidney and Bladder Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. They are the only pills that will cure you of all kidney troubles. Buy of your Druggist. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations. The Diamond Brand Pills are sold by Druggists Everywhere.